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Tracers



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162 6 10

Chapter 1 by clearskyy

Erasing yourself from the databases around the world wasn't as easy as I thought it was. I could delete my social media accounts, but was that data truly gone? It's not like you can throw your laptop into a trashcan and move to a cabin in the woods. Your information is still bits and bytes on a hard disc. In a some data center, in some remote location like a mountain or something you might still virtually exist. You know they're never really specific about that sort of thing when you sign up for an online service. Even if those accounts don't exist anymore, how could you truly know that that information was turned into zeros, empty sets or nulls. Instead it could just be sitting there waiting to be overwritten. What if someone breaches into their servers and grabs what they can and your waiting to be erased data just so happens to be there.

What if you could take the red pill, drop out of the Matrix and live your life among the foliage and creatures who live en masse on this wonderful planet we ourselves called Earth. Wouldn't that be great? That's what the Ghost initiative was created for. There are several names depending on what region you are from but here we go under the code-name Ghosts, or Phantoms, or Ethereals; the problem with a program like this is that even the program itself is slightly self-destructive once it convinces itself that it has accomplished it's goal

Those wanting to disappear from the world will be unlisted even if that means losing all the benefits of modern life. This program and it's success rate is... we'll come back to that later.

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Sometimes survival takes priority over comfort. There are several variations of these "ghosting" programs and some have evolved into full-time causes dedicated to "blacking-out" the entire planet. How idealistic. I read of a time when people used to refer to that type of group of people as "hippies". The term almost seems archaic now. It's definitely been misused in the recent generations.

What if I told you that there were those out there who intentionally make you believe that deleting your data is what is happening on the servers. The reality would be however that they just hide it from you. That data is locked in and under strict control by Agencies across the globe with the soul intent of knowing every single thing they can about you. If they could watch you sleep, they would.

We're all guilty of never reading the terms of service for our devices. Are we truly sure that there isn't a clause in there that states that they can't turn on your webcam at any time? Who exactly is preventing these sort of intrusions. What if they could turn on the camera without ever making it apparent to the person being watched? There isn't any documented cases of this ever occurring but perhaps that's because hypocrisy, not transparency is something these agencies are astoundingly good at.

Let's kid ourselves for a moment and think that no one has the time to sit down and watch little ol' me. What if they don't need a "person" to watch you. For the sake of argument, what if it was software doing this mischievous deed and not a living breathing person? What if the video was never saved but a bunch of ones and zeros in a table was. No one could really interpret that, right? Could you fault the program? Could you take the program to court? What happens in this instance? You could argue that the owner of the software would take the fall for this. What if the company that owns this particular piece of software doesn't just run one instance, but has sold it off to several other companies with similar interests. What if the software maker "never existed" in the first place.

We live and breathe in a digital age and even out here in a small town of Neo Cornwall do we suffer from the inability to wipe our presence from our digital overlords. It begins when we're

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tell it to make coffee from my phone while I lazily lay in bed trying to soak up another 5 minutes of sleep.

If there is some way to connect to it a Tracer will find a way.

I used to fear that if I ever got lost in the woods outside of town that no one would ever find me. Now I worry that there isn't a part of the forest deep enough to hide me from prying eyes.

A Tracers one job is to find you by any means necessary and they have the technological know how to brute force their way into any electronic device that they can access. It's not as simple as pushing a button in all cases, but it sure won't stop them. In our efforts to boost our connectivity and convenience in our lives we actually crippled our ability to protect ourselves from certain intrusions.

This is our plight brought on by social anxiety and petty lethargy. We try to blind ourselves to the shining reality of our lives bound to our applications and devices because that realization makes our eyes hurt.

I just want a way out and the reasons behind that are for me to know and you to hopefully never find out.

Chapter 2 by Kallaway Haystings



The night where our story beings starts on the rooftop in a remote, middle of nowhere government building located in Arizona. Standing on the top of the highest tower I stood staring at the stars. I hadn't seen anything like it since I was a kid. The heavens where a map of lights and mystery that young children never saw growing up. Locked away since birth in Elementary Med Schools we grew up in a technological world. Learning to work systems, and build upon what our forefathers called advancement in the name of total and utter control of the human race.

Dragging my gaze away I quickly finished setting the charges. I had an hour and a half to finish before the sun came up. and if I wasn't far away by then the whole mission would be blown.

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Then, when I was far away in the safe house, I'd blow the entire energy source off the map. Eradicating one of many government facility's that strived to kill the free people of this earth, and those in the system ignorant and enslaved. I clicked on my mic. "Bravo team, pickup is a go. But better make it fast." I said, far to my left, lights from two helicopters where brighting the sky.

Chapter 3 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler



"Bravo Team pickup cake. Crisco Ghost over."

"Whip faster. Estimate five minutes till churned. Cauliflower Wraith over."

You can tell we were hungry when designing the codes.

"Cake ready in three. Copy Wraith?"

"Copy Wraith."

I had done the math before this whole operation. "Cauliflower Wraith has dashed in the baking soda, and is adding eggs."

Then, after exactly fifteen seconds, I jumped.

I landed in soft material on top of the Phantom, an old Volkswagen bus we decked out and removed the radio from.

"Cake is ready and served. Preparing cookies."

"Estimated time to bake?"

"Twelve seconds."

We disappeared into the Arizona desert that night, and watched as the building fell.

"Cookies complete and served! Washing cookware."

We threw our mics on the ground and smashed them so that the Tracers won't be able to track them. Given our most recent location, we had to be on the safe side, we threw

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And we moved on to our next target.

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